

# THE TIMES.

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DODGE CITY, - - KANSAS.

## San Francisco in 1850.

We found a bleak and meager frontispiece to our Book of Fate. A few low houses and many tents, such as they were, covered the base of some of the wind-swept treeless hills, over which the June fog rolled in chilling mist. Deserted ships of all sorts were swinging with the tide. A crowd of men swarmed about what is now Montgomery Street, then the mud shore of the bay. It was Aladdin's old lamp, however, homely as it seemed, and fortune was there for those who had what my father used to call "a stomach for a fight," or for those who, born lucky, succeeded by virtue of the unknown force to which we concede that term.

The mere landing of the passengers was a problem. The crews who took boats to shore were pretty sure not to come back. The Ohio, Capt. Ap Catesby Jones commanding, was there. Capt. Jones very kindly invited me on board to remain until Mr. Fremont should arrive, for I had the disappointment of finding he was not yet here. Mr. Howard, a wealthy merchant, had brought out his boat, and I accepted his invitation, as after so much sea travel the land was best for me.

There were then some three or four regularly built houses in San Francisco, representing the Hudson Bay and Russian hide business; the rest were canvas and blanket tents. Of course there was no lumber there for building, and there were not even trees to be cut down; nor would any man have diverted his attention from the mines to go to house-building. A little later, when they found the hardships of mining life too great and the returns too uncertain, the tide turned and many men came back to make fortunes at steady work in building up the town. Sixteen dollars a day was ordinary pay for carpenters. The young officers of the army and navy there used to lament to me that their business was far less profitable. One of them turned to profit his having been on the Wilkes surveying expedition, and made really a great sum of money, by piloting in the thick incoming fleet of vessels of all sorts.

I was taken to one of these houses, which had been the residence of Liedesdorff, the Russian Consul, who had recently died there. It was a time of wonderful contrasts. This was a well built adobe house, one story high, with a good veranda about it, and a beautiful garden kept in old-world order by a Scotch gardener. Luxuries of every kind were to be had, but there were wanting some necessities. Fine carpets and fine furniture and a fine Broadwood piano, and no house-maid. The one room with a fire-place had been prepared for my sleeping-room, and had French furniture and no end of mirrors, but lacked a fire.

The June winds were blowing, and I felt them the more from recent illness, which had left the lungs, however, very sensitive. There was no fuel proper; and little fagots of brush-wood, broken-up good boxes, and sodden ends of old ship timber were all that could be had.

The club of wealthy merchants who had this house together had excellent Chinese servants, but to make every thing comfortable to me they added the only woman that could be procured, who accepted a temporary place of chamber-maid at two hundred and forty dollars a month and perquisites. One of the perquisites was the housing of her husband and children as well as herself. She had been washer-woman to a New York regiment, and was already the landlady of these gentlemen. She was kind enough to tell me that she liked my clothes, and would take the pattern of certain dresses, and seemed to think it a matter of course that I would let her carry off gowns and wraps to be copied by her dress-maker, a Chinaman. I declined this as civilly as I could, but the result was that she threw up the situation.

The only really private house was one belonging to a young New Yorker, who had it shipped from home, house and furniture complete—a double two-story frame house, which, when in place, was said to have cost \$90,000. At this price, with the absence of timber and the ab-

sence of labor, it will be seen that it was difficult to have any other shelter than a tent. The bride for whose reception this house was intended arrived just before me, but lived only a few weeks; the sudden and great changes of climate from our Northern weather into the tropics, and from the tropics again into the raw, harsh winds of that season at San Francisco, were too much for her, even with all the comforts of her own beautiful home. At a party given to welcome her the whole force of San Francisco society came out, the ladies 15 in number.

Visits in the daytime were held as a marked attention. I was told that "time was worth fifty dollars a minute," and that I must hold as a great compliment the brief visits which were made to me constantly through the day by busy men.

There was not only gold to be had at the mines, but a golden shower was falling for whoever had wit to catch it. I heard of many marvelous strokes of fortune, which caused elevated eyebrows when I repeated them on my return.—*Jessie Benton Fremont, in Harper's for December.*

## Society Personals.

The nobby Mr. St. Ledger Index, bookkeeper for one of our immensest mercantile firms, and who has lately purchased a \$21 suit of garments, begged that I wouldn't mention it, but I will, and I will go still further, and say that he is on the tapis of espousing the charming, adorable, fascinating, queenly brunette, Miss Araminta Suggs, and it but awaits for his salary to be raised for the nuptial hour to approach.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis O'Toole, who have been spending some time abroad in East St. Louis, returned by way of our noble bridge on Tuesday last, to their palatial residence on Biddle Avenue. Their imperial, blonde, and bewitching daughter, Miss Kitty O'Toole, accompanied them on their return and was the sign now 'shure of all eyes as the cortege approached the magnificent homestead. Miss O'T. brings with her a valuable trousseau of the latest fashion, made to order by that accomplished artist Mrs. Maginnis of Belleville.

There was a extra tony reception party give by our distinguished fellow-citizen, Mr. Jehiel Oleott Tubbs onto Wednesday evening last, assisted by Mrs. Lavenia Tubbs, it being the occasion of the first comin' out into society of their tall and stately daughter, Miss Ella Jane Anderson Tubbs. I was there throughout the evening, and stood my ground where the victuals flew the thickest. Mr. Tubbs's many friends rallied in force on this particular occasion, and upon the supper also. The two new coal-oil lamps donated to Mr. T. by his employees last month on the occasion of his golden wedding anniversary added increased brilliancy to the scene, and take it by and large for "tont en semble," it was probably one of the bon-jourist affairs of our gay society season. I might mention, en passant, that Mr. Tubbs informed me confidentially that the oysters were select and not counts.

We are pleased to announce, and it will gratify his many friends to learn, that our accomplished townsman, Mr. Theo. Spoonhandler, who has been on a foreign tour and seen castles and old ruins, and such, has returned to the city of his native nativity and has had his hair cut.

The friends of Mr. Leander Lomax will, we are sure, be pleased to learn, that he has entirely recovered from his distressing accident, the having of both feet crushed by a pair of number three boots, and is now able to walk in rubber overshoes without assistance.

Mrs. Hetty Hanks of Harkansas is on a visit to the friend of her youth, Mrs. Hattie Hinks, on the hill. These charming ladies have not met since their school-girl days, which makes it uncommon interesting. Mrs. Hanks is accompanied by her infant twins, also Mr. J. H., which makes it interesting still.—*L. K. Peck, in the St. Louis Republican.*

**To Prevent Potatoes from Rot.**—Dust over the floor of the bin with lime, and put in about 6 or 7 inches of potatoes, then dust with lime as before, then more potatoes, using about 1 bushel of lime to 40 bushels of potatoes. The lime improves the flavor of the potatoes, and effectually kills the fungi which causes the rot.

## The New Empire of the Pacific.

The San Francisco Bulletin says: Twenty years hence nearly all the breadstuffs for export from the United States will be produced in the country west of the Rocky Mountains. The exception will be in the surplus production of corn in the Mississippi Valley. Ohio has ceased to be a great wheat-producing State. This crop is yearly diminishing in Illinois; in Minnesota the production this year was only about as much as in California, where we had one of the driest seasons ever known. The agriculture of all the vast region west of the Rocky Mountains is still in its infancy. Some of the great Territories are not yet producing breadstuffs enough for home consumption. That was true of Oregon a few years ago. Now there is a large fleet of wheat-laden ships sailing from her principal port every year. Utah Territory, with the exception of a little spot about Salt Lake, made no show of agricultural products. Now the best potatoes found west of the Mississippi River are produced in Utah, and sent over to California in large quantities for consumption. Fruit culture has been pushed beyond the Sierra. The great apple orchards will be far up the mountains on either slope. The culture of the grape and the wine interest will probably be west of the Sierra, although it is just possible that we have not yet found the best soils for the production of wine grapes. The maximum of lumber production has already been reached in the States east of the Mississippi. The eastern timber belt has been explored, and most of the lands reduced to private possession. The timber belt of the Pacific coast, north of Oregon, covers an area clear up to the north limit of Alaska, or as far as the climate will permit. No impression has been made upon the forests of Alaska, and the timber resources of Washington Territory will last a long time.

The facts worthy of especial note are, that in all the vast region on this side of the Rocky Mountains, from Mexico to Behring's Strait, the production of great staples is yet in its infancy. In particular places mining may have been carried to the limit of production. So of wheat cultivation and the production of lumber. But for one exhausted mine there are a hundred which have not been fairly opened; and for one acre of land where a maximum production has been obtained, there are a hundred acres which have not been brought under cultivation. The great cedar forests of the northwest coast have hardly been touched; and it is only near the water's edge that much impression has been made on the forests of fir. Then we have hardly two millions of population in the country usually denominated the Pacific Slope. If twenty millions, or one-half of the present population of the Union, were set down on this area it would not then be thickly populated. We have not settled Alaska at all on the north, and Arizona on the south contains only a few thousand.

In a single month during the present year, 20,000,000 feet of pine and fir lumber, mostly from Puget Sound, entered this port; the amount of redwood entering during the same month could not have been less than 6,000,000 or 7,000,000 feet. A few of the lumber cargoes are sent abroad. But most lumber for export is sent abroad direct from the port of shipment.

All this industrial development is the product of less than 2,000,000 people. They have dotted the coast with a few small towns, have built one large city, and laid the foundations of many others. The Empire of the West is waiting for population. It comes in slowly, but surely. California is pushing up toward a million. The Territories are filling up; and within a quarter of a century there will probably be ten States on this side of the Rocky Mountains. These States will include an area of the most important mineral, wheat, and lumber production. Every large and fertile valley will be made accessible by railroad, and every great belt of mines will be reached in the same way. It has taken 25 years to get the leverage of the great industrial Empire; but it is attained at last.

—A few kernels of browned or a spoonful of ground coffee smoldered on coals in a sick room or musty room will purify it in a few moments and for a long time.

## Mr. Bergh Catches a Crab.

The other day a New York teamster was brutally beating a bay mule with a paint-brush tail, when Henry Bergh, President A. S. P. C. A., rushed in and caught the fellow's uplifted arm and cried, "Stay! Hold!" Just then the mule, who had reserved his fire until some one came in range, looked back and fired a ninety-four-pound load of that caught Mr. Bergh about midships, and soured all the milk of human kindness in his hold quicker than a thunder-clap. "Kill him!" hissed the great philanthropist between his set teeth, as he bowed himself over his clasped hands and sought the nearest drug-store, in the attitude of a boy who has tarried long at the green apples. "Kill him! Found the hair off him! Tear out his heart with a nail-grab, the long-legged, iron-jawed, thick-headed son of iniquity! I'll his accursed legs out by the roots and cut him into fish-bait, before you burn him alive! Oh-h-h, diddlely dog gone a billy be dog-gone son of a gun of a mule, anyhow!"—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

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